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—AGENTS—

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has started in business again now at 550 KING STREET, TERRITORIAL BUILDING, where he is prepared to do PAINTING and PAPERHANGING in all its branches, and will be pleased to see all of his old patrons, as well as new ones. He has no connection with any other shop.

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WAYS OF WOMAN

A red headed woman may have the sweetest temper in the world, but it is not always wise to rub her fur the wrong way to see if she has.

Women would love each other devotedly if there were no men on earth. Women with pretty feet hate over-shoes and love wet weather.

Ever hadn't been in the Garden of Eden fifteen minutes until she discovered that the smooth surface of a pool was a mirror.

The women who are capable of the great sacrifices are not the women who are suffering in mind because women haven't equal rights with men.

A good woman is Heaven's best gift to man, as a bad woman is the worst. Bet your money on the pretty women in a short race, but the one that isn't so pretty will win in the long run.

A woman who is not neat is a misfit. An idle woman is the devil's workshop.

A rolling woman gathers no husband. Woman, in our hours of ease, is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

Washable Fobs Are Now in Vogue

Washable affairs seem to be the order of the day, for along with her tub gowns, her parasols which will withstand a thorough drenching, and her washable coats, comes another little fancy for millady, and this, too, is warranted to survive the process of vigorous laundering.

It is pretty, this latest novelty, is useful and serviceable, so its success as a summer accessory of the smart, immaculate duck and dimity girl is already an assured fact.

The washable fob, as it is called, displays all manner of miniature belongings characteristic of the sportswoman, and is, for this very reason, eminently suited for summer wear.

Though gilt spurs, stirrup and horse shoes figure prominently on these new fobs, they could scarcely be called mannish, for daintiness saves them from this sad fate. Knowing the summer woman's fondness for things fresh, pretty and immaculate, clever minds have been kept busy discovering and designing novelties which will suit her particular taste, and a genuinely new article is now being offered in place of the usual gold or silver fob, which has lately returned to favor.

Taximeter Used In German Cabs

Public automobiles operated in Berlin run at the same tariff as the droschki which by horse power—that is, about seventy-five cents an hour.

Like most of the Berlin public vehicles and those of other German cities, it is equipped with a taximeter. This device is a clock whose speed is accelerated by an odometer attached to the axle of the cab. The revolutions of the wheels mark the distance travelled, and according to this distance you pay for the use of your cab.

The clock's face is divided into spaces representing one hundred pennies. The minimum fare is fifty pennies, and the clock hand starts at the fifty penny mark. When you have travelled a distance which according to the legal schedule is chargeable at fifty pennies the clock hand jumps to fifty-five, and it continues to move as the wheels revolve. If your cab stands still the hand still goes, but at a slower rate of speed.

Smallest Microbe Found in the World

Mr. O. Voges, of Buenos Ayres, has discovered the smallest bacillus which has yet been identified. It is much smaller than the bacillus of influenza and is only just discernible when magnified about 1500 times.

Mr. Voges discovered these very minute rods in abscesses which afflict cattle in South America, producing a disease known as manqua. The malady generally attacks cattle while they are quite young and is easily recognized by the characteristic lameness of one leg, which it produces.

Mice, rats and rabbits are not affected by this microbe, but guinea pigs succumb to its action in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Another singular fact noted by Mr. Voges is that the animals which he inoculated only succumbed when the weather was hot.

Rats Bankrupt English Merchant

Mr. Stedman, a merchant of Essex, England, became bankrupt the other day, and when the court asked for an explanation he surprised it by saying that rats were the cause of his ruin. All his money, he said, had been invested in large storehouses containing provisions, and during the last couple of years rats had got in and destroyed the food.

When asked if he had tried to exterminate them he replied that he had used enough poison to kill millions of rats, but that it had not produced any appreciable effect.

New Clothesline That Is Pinless

Women will be glad to hear that an ingenious inventor has fashioned a clothesline which works admirably without the aid of any pins.

This new clothesline is composed of a series of connected links, each formed of a piece of wire, which is bent upon itself so as to form two flexible shank portions. These shanks are then twisted about each other and terminate in a loop. Clothes arranged on a line of this kind will remain in position just as well as though they were held there by pins.

Honolulu Girl Visits Germany and Gives Her Views and Impressions

BY MARION B. LOGAN.

We began our tour by going first to Wiesbaden. It was a happy day, or rather a lucky one, that we did so, as the Kaiser was there attending the festival season in the Opera. The streets and buildings were decorated with flags and bunting, also the depot where the royal train was awaiting His Majesty preparatory to taking him to Potsdam at midnight. Hearing that the Kaiser was to leave the Opera for the train at 10:45, we made our way through the crowds to the entrance of the Opera House driveway and found a place right on the edge of the curb.

It began to rain and rained as it does sometimes in Honolulu, in bucketful. However, we were there to stay, and waited patiently, in spite of the torrents, until the carriages bearing the royal party drove by. The first carriages were closed and drove rapidly past. The people leaned eagerly forward and scanned the faces of the occupants to see if one of them might be His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser Wilhelm. All of a sudden, the fireman, who lined the driveway on either side, straightened up like soldiers, and the word was given that His Majesty was coming. Sure enough, there he sat in an open carriage, drawn by two white, prancing horses, and bowing on either side to the throngs lining the streets. We all screamed "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" as the Kaiser went by, accompanied only by his adjutant.

View of the Rhine.

In Wiesbaden we visited the Nürberg, a lookout hill just outside the city, from where an extensive view is obtained of the Rhine and the surrounding towns. Just a little to one side of the Nürberg is the Russian church, a very beautiful edifice which is easily distinguished at a great distance by its three gleaming, golden domes. The interior of the church is not very spacious, but is beautifully decorated with lovely paintings and Egyptian carving. On the left is the tomb of Horzgin Elizabeth Michailowna, who died at the age of nineteen years. She was the wife of the Herzog of Nassau. There are some lovely walks around the Nürberg which lead in all directions to the town.

The next day we took the train for Schwalbach, a resort for people with nervous troubles and poverty of blood. The waters here are full of iron and are very beneficial. It is said that in the height of the season there are thirty thousand people here taking the waters.

Great National Monument.

From Schwalbach we walked for two hours through the woods to Slanzenbad, a resort since the time of the Landgrafen Karl von Hessen-Kassel, 1694, and celebrated for its healing waters in treating skin and nervous diseases, also for its lovely walks. We did not stay long there, just long enough for dinner, and then we walked to Raunenthal, a little village noted for its wines. At last we concluded we had walked enough for one day, so took the steam train for Elville. Thence we took the train back to Wiesbaden. It is needless to say we were dead tired and were only too glad to say good-night to one another.

The next day we started for Rudesheim and went to see the Niederwald Denkmal or monument that stands so proud and defiant at the top of a hill overlooking Rudesheim. Bingen, on the opposite side, and the Rhine winding along with France in the distance.

The Niederwald Denkmal is the pride of every Deutscher heart, as it stands for the glorious victory over the French in the war of 1870-71. It is an immense bronze figure of Germania sitting on her throne, holding with raised arm the crown and in her other hand the sword of victory. At the base of the monument, to the back, is an oak tree planted by Prince Bismarck in 1875. On the monument is inscribed the whole song so dear to every German, "Die Wacht am Rhein." We had a hurried dinner in Rudesheim, then took the steamer for St. Goar.

On our way down we passed some lovely ruins, the remains of the Romans who traced this river and settled on its banks long before the Germans. We passed the castle Rheinfels, near Bingen, where the uncle of the present Kaiser, Prince George, was buried. From the steamer could be seen the black cloth over the door of the castle, where it had been draped a few weeks ago for the funeral. Near by were the ruins of Falkenstein, Soonech and Helmburg, then the Castle Pfalz on a tiny island in the middle of the river. Farther along came into view Bacharach, with its ruins of St. Werner's chapel, an old Gothic edifice. Just above these ruins are the remains of the Castle Stahleck. Many more ancient landmarks were passed and at last we came to the dear old Loreley.

While passing this famous rock the passengers began singing Heine's familiar song, "Ich Weiss Nicht Was Soll Es Bedeuten, Dass Ich So Traurig Bin."

Legend of Lore.

Just a little past the Loreley we left the steamer for St. Goar, and after freshening up a little at the old Hotel Rheinfels, crossed the river in a little steam launch to St. Goarshausen and walked down the chaussee to the foot of the Loreley. After a little search we found the path leading to the Loreley and began the rather dizzy ascent. I had hopes of finding the comb with which the broken-hearted maiden smoothed her golden tresses, but I suppose she threw it after her lover in her despair. The legend is that the Loreley was a poor girl and fell in love with St. Goar, who lived in the castle

opposite known as the Katz. She used to sit on the rock in the daytime and comb her golden hair, singing meanwhile a song that could be heard by every boatman who passed the rock below. In the night she would creep over to St. Goar's castle and, at last, charmed by her beautiful voice, he followed her, but was killed by falling down the rocky cliff. The legend says she threw herself into the Rhine, through grief for her lover, and to this day if you listen carefully you can hear her plaintive voice singing, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, Dass ich so traurig bin."

Church and Castle.

From the Loreley we went back to St. Goar and the next morning early we went into the Catholic church, which is known for its interior beauty. The communion rail is a work of art in itself. The altars are also very beautiful. After inspecting the church and settling off a few post-card albums we ascended the hill a little further on to view the old fortress Rheinfels. The old castle was built in the eleventh century by the Romans, and destroyed in the fourteenth by the French, who then occupied it. Knowing they were defeated they blew it up from the inside before they deserted it. Parts of it were afterward renovated and occupied until 1797, when the last of the house of Rheinfels was killed fighting in France. The castle passed into different hands from time to time, and the last owner was about to have it torn down to sell the stone for building purposes, but the Kaiser hearing of this sacrilege purchased it of him and it now stands as ever, silent and majestic, overlooking its old friends on the opposite side the Katz and the Maus.

A guide took us over the ivy-grown ruins and explained the different parts. The wine cellar was deep and dark and extremely large occupying nearly half of the underground part. I presume the old knights must have had enough wine to start another river in opposition to the Rhine. The bawlers or country people from all around had to keep the cellar well filled. A part of the old chapel is in pretty fair preservation. In the vestry are two stone tablets bearing the ancient family crest. The Kaiser, through inheritance, is a count in this old family, although he could not claim the ruins as his own. To the back of the old castle under a projecting rock is an old well. I ran ahead of the guide and looked over the iron rails into the black depths and was surprised to see my face reflected as in a mirror. When the guide came up he began telling the history of the spot and said there was a legend stating that a fraulein who, looking into this well and seeing her reflection in the dark water, would become a happy bride within a year.

As I chanced to be the fraulein complying with the conditions on this occasion, the guide solemnly applied the prophecy of the legend to me, not without entertainment to a large party at my expense.

An Ancient Limbo.

From the magic well we went to see the ancient prison. Prisons of today belong to Paradise alongside of this one. Under a low-built roof are six round holes in the floor, into which the prisoners were let down by a rope. These holes are twenty-eight meters deep by four feet in diameter. There could not come a ray of light nor whiff of fresh air to the hapless captives. The guide set fire to a piece of paper and threw it down a hole, yet we could not see the fire when it reached the bottom. How many poor wretches' bones must be lying in that dark cavern! I do not suppose many ever saw daylight again who were once cast into that dreadful prison. Walking around the ruins the old tower is reached by rude stone steps on the outside. From here we had a grand view of the river and the castles on the opposite side. The owners of this ancient fortress were very rich and proud. They are said to have owned all the land on both sides of the Rhine as far as Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

At 12 noon we took the steamer at St. Goar and went down as far as Oberlangstein, passing on our way Boffard with the ruins of the Castle Lehnach, Branbeck and Marxburg. At Oberlangstein we took the train for Bad Ems, a very pretty town on the Lahn noted for its water relieving of throat trouble. The well known Emsger salts are derived from these waters. It is also the birthplace of the old Emperor, who used often to come here in summer. Taking a carriage we drove around the town. There are pretty villas here, in one of which the King of Norway and Sweden was staying. We saw his private train at the station and noted that it was not so pretty as the German royal train of blue and gold.

Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein.

After an hour in this charming spot we took the train for Coblentz at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. Just opposite is Ehrenbreitstein, noted for its wonderful fort. This fortress was destroyed in 1801 by the French, but was renewed in 1815. It is a grand stronghold. In Coblentz we saw the ancient church of St. Castor dating from the twelfth century. We drove along the Rheinaue, which runs along the banks of the Moselle. It is a very historical avenue, having monuments and busts of different famous characters on either side, not to mention beautiful houses, villas and beer gardens. We had coffee in a pretty garden overlooking the river and fortress, near where a stone marks the spot where Emperor Frederick told his wife he had to go to the war.

FRILLS OF FASHION

Jewelled nets instead of hats are the latest thing for little bridesmaids' heads.

Maidenhair fern sailing with dew drops, arranged in tiara form is another novelty for the hair, or you may have small ivy leaves with some small flower.

The emerald matrix is one of the many popular stones for brooches and belt pins.

Silk gloves with woven lace tops are to be worn with thin gowns this summer, as well as mitts, and they are both long enough to meet the elbow sleeves. Black, white and gray are the fashionable colors.

A green straw hat with green feathers is the smart thing with your all-black gown.

Bands of embroidered pongee are among the dress trimmings. Mohair, glace silk, and flannel are the popular materials for bathing suits.

Foreign fashion notes say that black silk gowns have been raised again to the pinnacle of triumph which they held fifty years ago, in Paris.

Lady apples with flowers and foliage from one of the fashionable hat decorations.

Low shoes which are not much more than slippers except that they have a thicker sole are the correct thing for summer wear.

For walking there are the light-heeled, while for dress there are glossy kid slippers with longie lappet and large buckle, or straps across the instep, and Louis Quinze heels.

The swell thing, however, is a dull finished black kid tie with a heel which is a combination of the Cuban and the Louis Quinze. Patent leather shoes are going out.

The walls of the castle border on this aulage.

Just at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle stands the immense monument of Emperor William on horseback. It can be seen from a long distance. I think it is as grand as the Niederwald so far as art goes. The bridge of boats is an interesting sight. In the old part of the town is a church with a most comical clock. Just below the dial is painted the face of an old man. If you stand and watch until the clock begins to strike the hour you will see the eyes begin to move, rolling from left to right, and when the last stroke sounds the old man very rudely puts his tongue out. It is most laughable. In Coblentz a magnificent railway depot is being constructed.

The Cologne Cathedral.

Leaving Coblentz for Bonn, we passed on our way the castle Stolzenfels, owned by the Kaiser. Bonn is a pretty town, celebrated as the birthplace of Beethoven. A bust of the famous composer is one of the sights. The crown prince of Germany is there now as a student. Bonn has a beautiful Catholic church which is well worth seeing. The next morning we left for Dusseldorf by the way of Cologne. We had just time enough to visit the Cologne cathedral, the grandest Gothic edifice in the world. Its twin spires are the highest in Europe. The massive iron doors and stone carving on the exterior are beyond description. This Cathedral is 650 years old, the foundation having been laid in 1248 by Archbishop Conrad of Hochstaden. The work of building was kept up until 1437, then the construction was discontinued until 1827. In 1880 the whole structure was completed and inaugurated in the presence of Emperor William and members of the royal family. The interior will disappoint the beholder in the matter of decoration. It is severely plain. The Gothic arches and stained glass windows are magnificent, but the altars are not in touch with the grandeur of the architecture. We had the good fortune to hear mass said in this cathedral. Standing at the extreme end of the building, to us the voices of the celebrants were hardly audible, while the candles upon the altar were like tiny stars. The most strange thing of all to me, on entering, was to see a large placard with the warning in English, French and German, "Beware of Pickpockets!" That it should be necessary in this age of the world to take precautions against thieves in the house of God is a sad thought.

An Industrial Exposition.

As Dusseldorf, our next stopping place, an exposition was in progress, devoted mostly to German industry, the exhibits being mostly of machinery. We saw all sorts of printing presses, papermaking machines, cutting machines, gas motors and electric light dynamos all in motion. Most interesting to me was the Krupp hall, with the wonderful guns and cannons made by this famous man. Models of torpedo boats, cruisers and battleships were in great array. Another object was the propeller of the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm I, building for the North German Lloyd. Krupp is one of the wealthiest men in Germany. He owns the whole village where his foundries are situated and employs over 3000 men. After this exhibit we visited the Palace of Art, seeing many Roman relics that have been unearthed near Cologne. Jewels and ancient pottery were the chief articles.

Dusseldorf is a large town, but not possessing much interest beyond its extensive manufactures. Of these the furniture exhibits were notable.

We left Dusseldorf the next day and came home on the right bank of the Rhine by train. This time we went through a tunnel under the Loreley and passed many places that had become familiar to us already from the steamer. We arrived at Frankfurt at 7:45 and Hahn at 9 p. m.

MARION B. LOGAN.

"If any one asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Foadick. "Yes, sir," replied the Irish office boy; "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"—Judge.

I CURE MEN



WITH LAME BACKS,
WITH WEAK NERVES,
WITH RHEUMATISM,
WITH LOST VITALITY,
with all those signs which tell a man he is breaking down, losing his grip. I have the remedy which gives back that snap, fire and vim of youth. My cures sell my Belt. They prove what I say about it.

Mr. A. C. Hammond, 29 Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco says: "Your Belt has cured me at the age of 73, of weakness in the back and kidneys, and has given me more vigor and sound health than I have had for years."

A man is like a steam engine. It takes steam to make him go. My Belt pumps that steam into him. Mr. A. Crawford, Pikesburg, Or., says: "I am 70 years old, but your Belt has made me feel like 35."

That's how it makes so many old men feel young. Try it, you weak man; you will find youth and vigor in it after everything else fails.

Call and test it free, or I will send you my illustrated book, free, if you will inclose this ad.

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Office hours: 8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 1. Never sold by drug stores.

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there is constant need of a beverage that is also a tonic—that refreshes and vitalizes young and old. Just such a drink is

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2 Brewer Building, Honolulu. AGENT HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.
Globe Nav. Co., Ltd., Seattle, Wash.; P. W. Rochester, 308 Market St., S. F.; Agents of above roads, will furnish information.

Country Patient Fooled the Doctor

Two Polish rustics who were badly afflicted with rheumatism were recently taken to a hospital in Frankfurt. Each felt great pain in one leg and the physician tried to alleviate it by rubbing the leg.

One of the rustics howled terribly while this was being done, whereas the other uttered not a word; indeed, from the smile on his face one would have said he enjoyed the rubbing.

After the doctor had gone away, the one who had howled asked: "How in the name of heaven were you able to endure all that pain without screaming?"

"Easy enough," was the reply. "I fooled the doctor. I gave him my sound leg to rub."

THE PRESIDENT'S PORTRAIT.

U. S. Marshal E. R. Hendry wrote to Private Secretary Cortelyou for a late photograph of President Roosevelt. The response was cordial and prompt. A beautiful platinum portrait of the President now decorates the wall of the Marshal's office opposite the entrance. It is a remarkably lifelike likeness, the lighting and shading being exquisite. Probably this is the only first-hand photograph of President Roosevelt in Honolulu.

Kona coffee to be good must be pure. C. J. Day sells it.